

# Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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BY THE

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### The Insect and its Enemies.

BY DR. FRIEDRICH VON TSCHUDI.

Translated for "Our Dumb Animals" by M. B. A.

When winter covers the fields and meadows with its white mantle, it is said the activity of Mother Nature has gone to sleep. At least a countless number of her children sleep in silent, hidden rest. The busy life which cradled itself in the flowers, crawled on the ground, bustled about in the bushes and trees, hopped in ditches and sunned itself on the walls has disappeared. Big and little birds have gone away to a happier south beyond the Alps and the sea. There is not much left that is beautiful or friendly. The great flocks of crows alone rove hungrily through the land, a few finches and sparrows linger about the stables and sheds, and a troop of tomits scramble hurriedly around in the bushes and trees. Three or four months pass thus. But in February already, when the young grain longing for the sun bores its tops through the mantle of snow, and the buds and blossoms begin to swell, hoping for spring, here and there come a pair of larks that fly joyfully up from the clods of earth towards the sun and the spring clouds. Each week brings new visitors, tunes new voices, and before a couple of months have passed, every bush has its song and every tree its singer.

Inattentive children of Nature that we are, now for the first time do we joyfully and happily appreciate the song-crazy little feathered-folk which now forces itself so pleasantly upon our attention. Lark calls trill high in the air, blackbird notes in the tops

of the fir trees, hedge sparrow songs in the elder bushes, and quail notes in the cornfield. Now the bird world first appears to be there, and indeed only for our pleasure, a pretty joyful plaything of creation. This is proof already of the existence of a relationship between bird-life and man-life. It is an earnest call upon us to honor the beautiful in nature, beauty in melodious song, in shining nuptial plumage, in light-winged flight, in pleasant family life. But we do not ignore that a large fraction of species of birds, which has no beauty in or about itself, or shuns the eye of man, is not under consideration. And yet these have their object and aim. But we must go deeper into the life and ways of animals, to the position which is assigned them in the great house-keeping of Nature. We shall then be able to determine their signification for men also. A superficial glance at the composition and manner of life of the bird world shows us that most of our rules of life have their foundation, not on the regulations of the vegetable kingdom, but either exclusively or chiefly on those of the animal kingdom. In Germany and Switzerland live, part of them continually, part for a longer or shorter time, more than two hundred and fifty kinds of birds. The most numerous are *insect-eaters*, which comprise nearly eighty kinds, in sparrows, larks, swallows, thrushes and others. All this numerous folk nourish themselves, as their name indicates, part of them exclusively, part chiefly, upon insects. The following most numerous order, that of web-footed birds, of about forty kinds, of which it is true many visit us but seldom and only for a short time, live, in the majority of their branches, ducks, sea-gulls and others upon animal food. Swans do not disdain this; geese alone adhere exclusively to vegetable food. The morass or swamp birds, of about thirty varieties, almost all subsist upon animal; birds of prey, of about the same number, live exclusively on animals; of fowl which, in six families, number nearly twenty kinds, land rail, corn crake and water hens, live almost entirely upon animal substance; partridges and wood hens at certain times; crows of all kinds, eleven in number, divide their appetites between animals and vegetables, and are greedy eaters of all. The so-called seed-eaters, consisting of the family of finches, sparrows and linnets, of nearly thirty kinds, do not rightly deserve their name; as, for example, all finches and sparrows in summer consume as much animal food as vegetable, if not more. The only kind of bird which subsists exclusively on vegetable food is the dove. Of this bird there are about five kinds. Thus, on the whole, only one part, and this part comprising only a weak family, and a few fam-

ilies of the remainder, together scarcely a twelfth or thirteenth part of our various kinds of birds, eat exclusively vegetable food.

This short survey is significant for our object. What does it teach us? Firstly, it shows us certainly a firm ordinance of nature, which manages economically with the products of the vegetable kingdom; then when we examine the manner of animal food of which the majority of birds avail themselves, we recognize a second side of that order in nature which concerns the protection of the vegetable kingdom.

All so-called insect-eaters nourish themselves more or less upon such insects as, by their great increase, threaten and often destroy the vegetable covering of the earth.

Nature does not choose to reach her ends by the simplest and apparently the shortest ways; her purposes are manifold, and the inexhaustibility of her means corresponds to them; she exhibits her life in a million forms and grades, and extends her kingdoms in a manner which appears inconsistent and contradictory. Beside multiplicity and superabundant plenty, *limitation* is also typified in the insect-world. It has, like the bird and animal world, its plant eater and its bird of prey, and in the wisest distribution. Wherever the vegetable world is most productive and luxuriant, there for example will be found more kinds of beetles than of flowering plants, and among the former, plant eaters predominate. In the mountains the flowering plants outnumber the beetles, and high on the Alps the latter fail long before the former, and of insects and spiders which lodge above the snow limit, animal eaters outnumber vegetable eaters considerably, evidently for the protection of that scanty and tender vegetation.

The vegetable kingdom is the foundation and dependence of all higher life. Without plants no animals—for even insect-eaters depend indirectly on the vegetable kingdom, as they devour plant-eaters—without plants the existence of man is inconceivable—of man as he is, the aim and crown of creation. If Nature pleases herself in the creation of an almost countless multitude of kinds of the lower order of animals, and an immeasurable number of certain beasts, she limits herself to a certain extent in the creation of corresponding kinds of beasts of prey. Although she consigns this rich race of birds for the greater part to the lower animal world, she preserves the equilibrium between the plant-destroying and plant-protecting animals. Birds fulfil police duty in Nature; they check the over-increase of kinds; they limit the lower beasts to a moderation which is in the main no longer injurious to the vegetable

June 11.  
Wartime

world; in other words, they make the existence of the vegetable world, and through it, that of men, possible. That is their deep significance and their position in the harmonious arrangement of creation. In comparison to this, all else useful or injurious is, so to speak, unimportant. If they form in part an excellent material for human nourishment, if they furnish palatable eggs, useful feathers, &c., all this is hardly to be mentioned in comparison with their work in immeasurable destruction of vermin. With this is joined, and depends upon it, the entire form of this grade of birds; its great mobility and quickness, which enable it to fulfil its police duty, now here, now there, its sharp eye, its strong power of digestion even in smaller birds, which works so energetically that an insect-eating bird can generally devour daily its own weight of insects. Then the concealed and unnoticed, in their lives, the great increase, &c.! Upon their destination as insect destroyers depends the native bent of their flight. When the insect world in the north sinks to its rest in winter to be concealed by its snow-cover, then most of the birds transfer their services to the south, and the remaining insect-eaters gather their gleanings in the larva, eggs and nests of the insects, in the beetles of the woods, and in the few flies and spiders which venture forth out of sunny clefts in the rocks.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### **Don't Do as I Have Done.**

Confession of wrong sometimes lessens guilt, and to note experience often tends to profit. I want now, on my 82nd birth-day, to tell of some things that I have practised and witnessed, that in retrospect give pain rather than pleasure. It is not so much of human woe that I would speak, as of the woes of creatures that cannot speak for themselves—for the use of whom man is held accountable, while in abuse of the same a fearful requital awaits him. For the last fifty years, I have mostly kept two horses for farm and family use, occasionally making exchange for the purpose of getting better for worse; and touching this matter would say don't do as I have done, when instead of preparing a resting place through means of a merciful death for worn and crippled horses, the paltry sum of a few dollars has induced me to sell a faithful servant, whose attachment to home, pasture and manger and familiar voices has been all that instinct could render it, yet, sad to think that the petted beast must go into the merciless hand of a stranger when, to his master, age and infirmity had rendered him undesirable.

I don't love to think of my "Charlie," once the noblest of his kind, dying neglected, unwept and unhonored, like most of his brethren. And poor "Bill" fared but little better after fourteen years of hard service for me. But "Sam" and "Dick" have promise of different treatment. They are old, like myself, and are not to be sold from their home. "Dick" has been blind for many years, but he does not seem to know it when travelling the road. With perfect confidence in bit and bridle he excels most horses in beauty of form and gait, never stumbling more than horses that have eyes, his sense of smell, touch and hearing being equal to sight. When in pasture with strange horses he will select one for companion with whom he is always found, as if seeking protection from danger. His speed on the road is often increased by perceiving that animals, however small, are about him and crossing his path. He is especially quick to detect a dog even before he is heard to bark, and in passing a group of children his playful manner of noticing them is highly amusing. When coming to my gate from the highway, he will without guidance turn and pass safely through, will also turn and stop at favorite places, miles distant from home, and is never so proud as when saddled, evincing his pleasure to a lady rider by playfulness of temper and an easy gait.

Truly, I know at least one horse that has a friend.  
"82."

A HEARTLESS wretch in New London, to be revenged upon a rat for tearing his coat, caught the offender, and while in the trap poured kerosene oil upon him and set him on fire, roasting the poor animal alive.

#### **Bobolinks' Chatter.**

One day in the bluest of summer weather,  
Sketching under a whispering oak,  
I heard five bobolinks laughing together  
Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover,—  
Language of birds is a riddle on earth;  
What could they find in white-weed and clover  
To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal summer—  
Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—  
Querulous cat-bird—woodpecker drummer—  
Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel  
Under the stone wall stealthy and sly?—  
Or was it the joke about me at my easel,  
Trying to catch the tints of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,  
Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—  
While I sat listening deep in the clover  
Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest  
That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills;  
'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—  
Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,  
Only by tones can we follow the tune;  
In the full heart of the summer fields ringing,  
Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### **The Milkman's Donkey.**

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Some forty years ago my husband spent some months in Spain; and what he witnessed and heard there quite revolutionized his opinion of donkeys. When habitually overloaded, beaten, and half starved, they undoubtedly become vicious, obstinate, and stupid; just as human beings do under similar treatment. But with the peasantry of Spain the jackass is a petted favorite, almost an inmate of the household. The women and children of the family feed him from their hands, and talk caressingly to him. He knows them all, and loves them all. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog. He delights to have the baby placed on his back, and to walk round with him gently on the green sward. His intellect expands in the sunshine of affection, and he that is quoted as the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. They told Mr. Child of a peasant in the neighborhood, who had for many years carried milk into the market of Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning, he and his donkey, with panniers well loaded, trudged their accustomed round. One morning, when he was attacked by sudden illness, and had no one to send with his milk, his wife advised him to trust the faithful animal to go by himself, since he always knew just where to stop. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk, and the priest of the village wrote a request to customers to measure their own milk and send back the empty vessels. The donkey was instructed, and set off with his load. The door-bells in Spain have a rope hanging outside the house, to which is appended a wooden handle, or the hoof of some animal. The donkey stopped before the house of every customer, and, after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, he pulled the rope with his mouth. When he had gone the entire round, he trotted home with the empty canisters. He continued to do this for several days, and never missed a customer.

#### **Leeches Fed upon Live Horses.**

Extract from Mr. Bergh's address at Music Hall, March 30th.

We are, all of us, familiar with many of the tortures inflicted, in this country, on that uncomplaining servant of our race, from the cheek-rein, down to his final abandonment to die of neglect and starvation.

For many years past in France, bleeding has been performed by Leeches, and to give an idea of the extent of this practice, it is only necessary to say, that in that country alone, there are annually more than 60 millions of this annelid consumed! Now, since the ordinary production of the Leech is insufficient for the demand of commerce, bloodthirsty speculators have recourse to artificial means of reproduction.

Near to the city of Bordeaux, there are extensive swamps, into which worn-out and disabled horses are driven, to the number of 18 or 20 thousand annually, and there abandoned, alive, to the voracity of this vampire! In order to reach this hell on earth, the miserable horses destined to gorge these vipers with their blood, are sometimes compelled to make a journey of five or six days' duration, during which they receive little nourishment; and since their fatigue and weakness are extreme, they become the objects of the most diabolical treatment, on the part of the wretches who conduct them.

From the moment these innocent creatures are plunged into those fearful morasses, they are assailed by myriads of leeches, which fasten themselves to all that part of the body submerged beneath the water, and suck until satiety causes those in possession to relinquish their hold to an uninterrupted succession of fresh ones!

All the efforts made by the poor horses to rid themselves of these innumerable enemies, are in vain, and only attest the martyrdom which they suffer.

Horses which survive these frightful torments, are finally taken to an insufficient and neighboring pasture, and there left until new blood has been formed, when they are reconducted to this infernal swamp, where a new relay of their devouring enemy await their coming!

It is not unusual that this feeble restoration of animal vitality is thus renewed fifteen or twenty times, between the 15th of June and the 1st of October annually.

This monstrous inquisition terminated, these offending beings are consigned to cheap winter quarters, where their devilish masters provide them with just enough nourishment to prevent the loss of their property, whence they draw their accursed revenues!

But, my friends, this is not the end of the transaction; for whatever its profits and successes, it is pursued, step by step, by that ubiquitous agent of the Most High, known on earth as Justice; and, the leech thus generated and sustained, becomes the instrument for communicating epizootic diseases to the human system—among which may be included that terrible distemper known as the Glanders! Surgeons should think of this. Is it not almost incredible, that the gentle being which is most useful, most profitable, most generous, should be reserved by mankind for the most cruel treatment known to this suffering world?

#### **President Grant.**

Reporters have telegraphed over the land that the Chief Magistrate, on his recent visit to the Interior Department, evinced a particular interest in the glass case of the Patent Office which contained models of improved horse-shoes, and particularly commended a light steel shoe, the invention of a resident of his own native State of Ohio. This shows Grant to be a sensible, practical man, caring thoughtfully for the comfort of man's noblest friend among the animals. And besides, while holding the reins, whether of a team or the nation, he likes to have the moving power he guides keep on a good understanding with him.—Exchange.

As for the President's love of driving good horses, it is what might be expected of one whose earliest trait was a love for, and command over a horse. He knows a good horse, and knows how to drive one. He has too much humanity to abuse the animal he loves.—Exchange.

## Sicily.

The following is a translation of a diploma recently sent to our President and Secretary from Palermo:—

**SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS IN SICILY.**

To the Distinguished Lover of Animals, SIG. GEO. T. ANGELL, President, &c.

He reveals a sensitive heart, and a sweet and humane disposition, who is careful to treat animals kindly and mercifully,—and this is recommended everywhere for the promotion of "health, utility and morals," and redounds also to the advantage of mankind.

Hence, where earth, air and water abound with living beings through the wonderful beneficence of nature, it is a profitable work, and in accordance with the spirit of the time, by practice, by writings, and by rewards, to inculcate and diffuse among the people this great virtue.

And since you, sir, have shown such sentiments, and have offered such meritorious arguments, this Society cordially proclaims you an honorary member, and joyfully places your name "auspicious of efficacious cooperation and example" on its records.

The society is composed of those who attend to zoological studies and apply themselves to zoiculture, and pledge themselves not to treat brutally any animal whatever; and who endeavor to prevent others from injuring the creatures of God, whom St. Francis of D'Assisi was accustomed to call our inferior brothers.

In testimony of your admission to this Society, the President presents to you this diploma, trusting that such a document will confirm and establish in a noble mind zeal, compassion and kindness.

Given at Palermo, at the chambers of the Society, this twelfth day of January, 1869,

By the President,  
FREDERICO L. DEBRATO.

## Pets in Japan.

All over the world dogs take the first position when one wishes to speak of creatures of the animal kingdom selected as objects of care, kindness and interest by men and women.

The Japanese ladies possess a very choice breed of pet dogs, supposed to be the same as that known in Europe as the Charles the Second spaniel. As some intercourse was still kept up with Japan by England, through the East India Company, during the reign of the Merry Monarch, it is probable that these pets of his court were introduced to this country from the land of the Tycoon. These dogs are small, with beautiful silky hair, fringed paws and pug nose. So completely is this feature diverted from the purpose it ordinarily serves in dogs as a breathing passage, that it is difficult to believe the effect has not been artificially produced. It was not until we saw some very young puppies quite as deficient in useful noses as their parents that we could believe the pretty little doggies were not cruelly used in their infancy by their noses being in some way compressed. They are very delicate little creatures, and the utmost care is bestowed on them by their mistresses, which they repay by manifesting much satisfaction when in female society and selecting the long dresses to sleep on. Owing to the peculiar formation of the nose, they snuffle and snort during sleep, and the tongue hangs out from the left side of the mouth. We recollect once going to a dog-fancier's at Nagasaki, where numbers of these little animals were collected for the purpose of sale. They lived in elegant kennels, and at certain times were let out into a small dry courtyard for their morning airing, where they frisked and barked and snuffled together to their hearts' content, and then these dear little things—dear in more senses than one, for the price ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars, or from £6 to £12 each—were fed on boiled rice and fish and replaced in their domiciles.

"Tis folly to think of life's troubles,  
There are always two sides of the way;  
If one is in shade, the chance doubles,  
The other is pleasant and gay."

## A Mule Ride in Florida.

The boys insisted that I needed relaxation. My health required it. I had a pretty fair article of health, I thought; enough to last me as long as I lived. But I must accumulate a stock for future use. The South was the place to get it. And riding was healthy. The sand is too deep to ride, except on horseback, so I thought I would take a ride. I applied to the livery man for a horse. He had one. He looked sorrowfully at me, as though he pitied me. Did I ever ride a mule? I never had. He had as good riding horses as ever were saddled. But if I wanted a "Rock Me to Sleep Mother" style of ride, I would take a mule. I don't consider myself a first-class judge of mules. I had some vague notions in regard to them; supposed they would do a large amount of work with very little feed, and were immortal. I had read of one being driven over the same route by the same boy for 87 years, and he was a young mule yet.

Bring forth the mule. The mule was brought. He was meek looking, a perfect "Uriah Heep" of a mule, so far as "umbleness" was concerned. At least that was the view I took of him. He was saddled, and I mounted. For a mile or two he paced beautifully. I thought those old monks I had read about knew what they were doing when they travelled on mules. I had a high respect for their judgment. Just then my mule began to show symptoms—symptoms of what I did not know. I found out. Dropping his head between his legs, his heels described a parabolic curve, or a diabolical curve, or some other infernal curve, in the air, and I got off and sat on the ground. I got off over his head, and I did it quick. I'm not so old but I can get off an animal of that kind as quick as a boy. Then I looked at the mule to see if he was hurt. He didn't appear to be. Then I inquired around to see how I was. I reported an abrasion on the left hip, and a contusion on the lower end of my back. Then I thought I would pronounce a left-handed blessing on that mule, and on his forefathers and foremothers before him, and on his children after him. But I didn't. I wondered if he would stand fire. If I had had a pistol, I would have put the muzzle to his ear, and tried him. Not that I was hostile toward him, but I was afraid somebody might take a ride on him some day and get hurt. But I had no pistol, so that benevolent and sanguinary idea was frustrated. Then I got up and shook the dust off my feet, and brushed the sand off my trousers, as a testimony against that place. Then I led the mule carefully home, and stated my case to the livery man. But when I looked that he should offer to send for a doctor, or a Samaritan, to do me up in a rag, and pour olive oil and champagne on my bruise, he only laughed. And his man that he had to help him laid down on a bench and laughed—then he rolled off the bench and laughed—and I stood holding the mule—then I laughed. It was ridiculous.—*Cor. Buffalo Advertiser.*

## Spanish Mules.

The shouts of the driver reach the ear of the mule—perhaps because it is so large—with quite as much effect as blows on his back. Each mule has his name and knows it, and is addressed by it in all tones, the difference between which he perfectly understands, answering readily in his quickened pace to the shout of encouragement, and appearing sensitive to the reproaches which the most friendly driver sometimes addresses to the objects of his regard. The mule is, I suppose, the national beast of Spain, and though degraded from the honorable duties he once performed, may still be seen occasionally in good condition, and drawing the coach of some old grandee whose tastes have not been remodeled by European fashions. Prim—though he is not exactly an old grandee, and though he has seen more of the world than most of his countrymen—Don Juan Prim himself may be seen at times drawn in an open carriage through the streets of Madrid by six mules, fat and frisky—the mules, not Prim—and covered from ears to hoofs with tassels and gay housings and bells.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Rifles in Abeyance.

A palatial steamer is sailing past the "Pictured Rocks" of Lake Superior. Her decks are crowded with passengers, many of whom are accomplished sportsmen. The sun—half abreast the sky, half abreast the water, has parted the storm-clouds, and concentrated his effulgence upon the distant shore, bringing into relief, the weird rocks, their illusive shadows, and the solemn, lonely, unbroken line of forest that stretches from horizon to horizon. Grin caves open wide their dark mouths, and receive the surging waters, as they dash foamingly at the high cliffs, and fall again with a sullen roar. A "phantom ship" uneasily rides the waves, invisible were it not for a mystic hand slipping from the sun, and unclasping its slim, golden fingers across the gloomy waves. You would call it night, but for this sudden glory of the sun, working such magnificent phenomena above and below. We, of every nation and clime assembled, cannot repress our enthusiasm, and earnest and frequent are our exclamations of wonder and delight. But, suddenly, the sun is *below* the water, and only *above* is there light and beauty. Night upon the water is more solemn than elsewhere, and we who have been so enthusiastic in our admiration, are depressed and thoughtful. A murmur of surprise, and delight again breaks upon the ear. All faces are upwards turned, with chastened, illuminated expression, as if receiving a celestial benediction. Not a sportsman present thinks of his rifle. In the waning light above the vessel is poised a snow-white sea gull, its immaculate plumage in striking contrast to the crimson, and purple zenith. Just monotonous almost imperceptible fanning of the soft, voluptuous wings, tells the story of movement onward. The beautiful, graceful head is inclined toward us, and the tender, innocent eyes are speaking to our hearts. Its evening song is a sweet, low plaint of the most mysterious of all minors, and we look, and listen, and wonder. There is an appeal to our sympathy too subtle, and powerful to be expressed, and we watch thoughtfully, prayerfully, mutely till all things are shadows, and softly leave the decks. I have written a memory. Perhaps some sportsman who was at that time a passenger on the *Illinois*, as she was making her accustomed trip through the Lakes, may remember the scenes I have described. The loneliness of the wave, the mystery of the shadows, the glory of the canopy above, were all champions in behalf of the affectionate, trusting, beautiful bird. You were ennobled by the time, the place, the revelations of the hour. Your rifle was, for the first time perhaps, in abeyance. The scene was choice enough, rare enough to be worn in the heart against future temptations to deeds of violence and cruelty. Such, undoubtedly, was the design of Him under whose superintendence are the various revelations of creation, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. Perhaps your life is made up of many similar episodes, for, to the man addicted to "sporting", there must occur frequent touching appeals for life, when, like so many audible voices of God, beauty, innocence, grace, helplessness seem pleading. According to your light is your accountability.

S. S. W.

## Dog Tax and Suffrage.

A friend of ours, who is the owner of a very intelligent dog, was overheard, the day after town meeting, addressing his trusty friend. The dog was sitting upon his haunches, attentively listening to his master, and he exhibited as much good sense in his countenance as one-half of an audience listening to an able politician in a dissertation on the subject of political economy. The owner of the brute, being rather of a poetical turn, commenced his address by saying:

Jowler! they've taxed thee, honest friend,  
Assessed ye, put ye on the roll,  
And every dog to exile 'll send,  
Except some man will pay his poll.

He then informed him that the right of suffrage accompanied taxation, and as he was taxed he could vote. He gave him some general information in regard to the course he should pursue in the political arena, and especially in the true politician's art of electioneering, and closed his homily with other well-timed advice.—*Camden Herald.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, July 6, 1869.

*Mr. Angell's Letters*

Continue to be interesting. He finds much to do by conference with English societies and parties interested. His letter of June 16, describes his interview with the Royal Society and Miss Burdett Coutts. A letter descriptive of London, will appear in our next.

We hope soon to announce an arrangement made by him, which will add much to the attractiveness of our paper.

OUR NEW LAW went into operation on the 2d inst. In addition to the 25,000 copies distributed in our June number, we issue it in sheet form for general circulation, and shall post placards in public places throughout the State. We propose that parties prosecuted shall not justly plead "ignorance of the law."

*Foreign Documents.*

We are in receipt of various German, French, and Italian documents bearing upon our cause, most of them reports of proceedings of kindred societies. We shall avail ourselves of the services of competent linguists, who will enable us to make selections for future numbers of our paper. The article on the first page is one of these translations, and will be found valuable to those interested in natural history, and ought to be so to sportsmen, who may, after reading it, find their shot guns "in abeyance."

*What can we do?*

We publish the following letter, addressed to the Secretary, that our friends may see under what difficulties we labor. The writer, doubtless, intended to help the cause of humanity, but failed to give us the means to act. To convict a man we must have evidence. The writer neither gave us his own name or the number of the policeman. We have the number of the dray; but drivers are not willing to "confess judgment," but demand proof. Now if this kind-hearted writer had come to our office, or written us with his name and address, with the policeman's number or with some other witness, we could have made a case. As it was we were powerless, except to write a note of remonstrance to the owner of the dray. If parties seeing instances of cruelty were more willing to report them to us and to appear in court as witnesses, we should have more cases than we now do; and the poor animals must suffer until people are willing to put their hand to the plough:

Dear Sir :

On coming through Beach Street this afternoon, near the corner of Albany Street, my attention was attracted towards an overloaded dray driven by a man who was most unmercifully beating his horse. I spoke to a policeman who stood near by, and asked him if that driver couldn't be arrested for cruelly beating his horse? To this he replied that he supposed the man could be taken up for overloading his dray, but not for cruelty. Now is not this a fit case for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to endeavor to meet? I cannot refrain from reporting it, most earnestly hoping that due notice will be taken of it and the offender brought to justice.

I should add that the number of the dray was — .

Very respectfully,

JUNE 7, '69.

M. E.

*Hear both Sides.*

We frequently receive letters, some of them anonymous, making complaint against horse car and coach companies for overloading, &c.

We take occasion by interviews or by correspondence, to apprise parties interested of the complaints, and hope remedies are applied. We sent the annexed communication from "Citizen," to Mr. Hathorne, and we append his answer, thus giving the public an opportunity to hear both sides.

We are glad to say that we have found Mr. Hathorne a gentleman, and apparently desirous to take good care of his horses. At the same time it is fair to say that men may honestly differ with him, and that what may seem kindness to him, may seem cruelty to them. We are only seeking the truth, and free discussion, we trust, will lead to it:

CITIZEN'S COMMUNICATION, JUNE 3D.

GENTLEMEN:—For some time I have not failed to notice daily the loads that are put upon the horses used upon the Citizens' line running between Boston and Charlestown.

I have many times counted thirty persons in and on the coach, and have seen the horses, when I know it was taxing them to their utmost strength, to draw the load. I have seen them often with large marks upon their sides, showing the abuse of an inhuman driver, as many of them are.

To-night, walking up Washington St., I saw one of them down. It was got upon its feet again, and started along upon the trot. In and on the coach I counted 25 persons. Soon after another came along on which I counted 31.

I have been told by the drivers that the coach weighs 2800 pounds, which is a load for a pair of light horses, as most of them used by the company are. But when they load with from 8 to 30 persons, and drive from Charlestown to the South End upon the trot, (you hardly ever see them walk their team,) it is decidedly inhuman, unchristian and a shame, for a company to allow horses to be used so.

Think of a pair of light *poor* horses—yes, very poor many of them—with a load of from five to seven thousand pounds coming up through Dock Square on to Washington Street, also up Causeway on to Green Street. If there is any law to prevent such loading, it ought to be put in force. I have heard others complain in the same way. I have been in one but once since coming to Boston, three years ago, but invariably walk rather than patronize them.

I merely wish to call your attention to their teams, the way they load them, and suggest a talk with the company.

CITIZEN.

MR. HATHORNE'S REPLY.

DEAR SIR:—In answer to the anonymous communication you have received, I do not regard in the least a person who is ashamed to make himself known, as he cannot have much of a case. The statements made by him are false in many particulars. I do not believe he ever saw 35 persons in and on a coach at one time.

1. In regard to the marks on the horses' sides, that is very seldom the case. It may occur upon some lazy horse; but whenever they are seen by myself or my foreman, the driver is called to an account.

2. Horses fall down frequently in all kinds of vehicles, and it cannot be avoided upon our slippery pavements.

3. The weight of the coach he has set six hundred pounds heavier than it is.

4. My horses are in as good condition as the average of horses in the city, and I venture to say that I have less sick or lame, than any concern, in proportion to the number, of any in the city. My veterinary surgeon is surprised that I do not have more. I do not want fat horses for my work, particularly in the summer season.

5. He then speaks of drawing my loads up Dock Square Hill. I do not go that way.

6. And last, in regard to trotting with their loads, the most frequent complaint I have from my patrons is, that they walk too much and go too slow; some say they can walk down town faster than they can go in the coach.

I believe I have said all that is necessary, except that I employ the best men I can find, and think I have a very good set of drivers—men who know how to drive their teams, and it would not be for my interest to employ any but such. Such communications as this are not worthy of notice, and I trust you will take the trouble to see for yourself whether or not my horses are treated more inhumanly than others in the city.

I have not a sick horse in my stable, and none incapable of work, except from lameness.

Yours, very respectfully,

JUNE 14th.

J. H. HATHORNE.

*All Honor*

To the proprietors of Narragansett Park, R. I., for refusing the use of their race-course, for the attempt to drive a horse twenty-one miles in an hour! The matter has excited much discussion, if it can be called a discussion where all the argument is upon one side. Let the horse rest upon his present reputation, and not offend the humanity of the whole community by such a test of endurance.

*Improved Transportation of Cattle.*

We call attention to the Compartment Car described in our advertising columns. We trust the time will soon come when our railroad corporations will adopt this or some other means, to check the present cruelty in bringing cattle from the West and North. English companies are altering their cars for this purpose, and it can be done at small expense.

*Thanks*

To various friends for contributions, selections and suggestions. We shall use them as fast as we find room, although we may often have to use an editor's privilege and "cut down" to make space for greater variety.

We hope all friends who notice in their reading appropriate articles will call our attention to them.

We mean soon to find room for extracts from Cowper and Wordsworth.

We neglected to publish a part of the New York law last month, which we regret. We are now publishing an extra containing the several laws entire as a kind of text-book for States whose statutes are imperfect. Friends desiring to influence the legislation of any State can have copies on application at our office.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS in our streets confer pleasure upon bipeds as well as quadrupeds. We hope that friends of the cause everywhere will urge their introduction.

WE believe the bleeding of calves has nearly ceased in this State. We shall be glad, if it is continued in any place, that parties will notify us.

WE continue our list of members on 25th page.

A FEW days ago, while a lady of Phelps county, Mo., was in the garden, with an infant, fourteen months old, seated near her, an eagle swooped down and attempted to carry off the child, but was prevented by a dog, which fought valiantly in its defence.

## Mr. Angell's Letters.

[No. 4.]

EDINBURGH, May 17th, 1869.

We have been four days in Edinburgh—spelt *Edinburgh*, but pronounced *Edinboro*. This is certainly a very beautiful and interesting city; thought by some to be the most so of any city in Europe. Its population, including its suburb, Leith, is about 200,000. The same frequency of churches as at Glasgow—the same thoughtful business faces—the same finished look. All the buildings, with rare exceptions, of solid stone,—staircases and chimneys of the same,—built with a massive solidity, as though for all time; in the new town, north of the great ravine dividing the city, broad streets and buildings of reasonable height—in the old town, south of the ravine and crowned by the Castle, narrow streets, and houses sometimes ten stories high, and some of them crowded with a swarming population from cellar to roof. It is built on three hills, and is called the Athens of Scotland, for about the same reasons that Boston is called the Athens of America. From the Castle—from the hills back of Holyrood Palace—and from Calton hill are magnificent views of the city and surrounding country, including the Firth of Forth, and the distant Highlands. The monuments, public buildings, squares and gardens, are worth seeing, and the Picture Gallery, Antiquarian Museum, and Museum of Science and Art, all of which are free to the public, contain many objects of interest. We find the omnibuses here divided into first and second class compartments, and outside seats, with different rates of charge for each,—most of them, as at Glasgow, have three horses driven abreast. Most of the hackney carriages have brakes to use in going down hill. We have seen no churches yet equal to some at home, and the cemeteries bear no comparison with ours. I am not particularly impressed with the old castles and palaces. They are generally mighty uncomfortable looking places, no more to be compared with our cheery New England homes, than the civilization of the old savages who inhabited them, with ours, and when I walk down a long picture gallery, as I did the other day that of Holyrood Palace, filled with what are, or purport to be, the portraits of the old Scottish kings and nobles, and do not find one square honest face in the whole collection—not one that a man would like to introduce to his family, or trust over night with a hundred dollars, I can well understand how Cromwell must have purified the moral atmosphere, when with his stern old Covenanters, who fought and prayed equally well, he swept like a thunderbolt through and over the ranks of these sensual, ungodly libertines. Iconoclast he was; and his monument is yet to be erected, but the time will come—nay, is now coming, when the proudest monument in England will be raised to his memory.

## EXPENSE OF LIVING—CLIMATE.

I find the expense of living in Ireland and Scotland is about the same as at home, provided you live as well. But the laboring class being larger in proportion get smaller wages, and live at less expense because they do not live so well as the same class with us. Good mechanics here would not occupy more than one, two, or three rooms for their whole family. I think provisions cost about the same as with us, say 50 to 60 cents a pound for butter, and other things in proportion, and rents of good houses about as high. I find that clergymen and such like require about the same salaries as in the United States. As to the climate, they do not have so much snow and bitter cold as we do, but they do have all winter what is worse,—raw, chilly, rainy weather, and not half the house comforts. Through the spring they have as troublesome east winds as I ever felt in Boston. If you look at the map and see in what a high latitude they are, and where the east winds come from, across the North Sea, you will understand the reason.

## CHEAP RESTAURANTS.—SPARROWS.

I must not fail to mention a class of restaurants established in this city and Glasgow for the benefit of poor people, upon the principle of large sales

and small profits, at which a good breakfast can be had for threepence, (about nine cents of our currency,) and a good dinner of soup, beef, potatoes and pudding, for four and a half to fivepence. Some benevolent person might distinguish himself and befriend his poorer fellow creatures by establishing something of the kind in Boston. Would it not be a better plan for our city, instead of giving soup to the poor, to give them work of any kind, at small wages, and a restaurant or store where they could buy at first cost, the necessaries of life. And I must not forget the sparrows—the English sparrows that are all over this city in flocks—at your windows—on the roofs of the houses—in all the streets—under the horses' feet, and about the carriages, ever restless, singing, chirping, working, eating all the bugs and caterpillars, and noxious insects that destroy the fruit. Philadelphia, New York, and I am informed, Portland also, have introduced them. I think Boston should have a few hundreds.

## REID'S CATTLE CARS.

I have examined Reid's patent improvement for cattle cars. It has just been put into two cars of the North British Railway, and will have a fair trial, but I don't think it equal to the one getting up in Massachusetts. You will soon know how it works.

## OUR CAUSE.—SUGGESTIONS.

The Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Ireland and Scotland are good prosecuting societies, employing officers to go about the streets and inspect and prosecute, but have not yet dealt much with the great questions of slaughtering and transportation, and the greater question, underlying all others, of a general system of humane education in the schools and of the people. I have been urging them to establish a paper like ours. They feel the importance of it, and I hope before long, you will receive the first number. I wish that our funds would authorize the offer of a small prize to each of our grammar schools, for the best essay on, and another for the best story *about kindness to animals*; and another class of prizes to each of our normal schools, and colleges, for the best essay on some such subject as the "effect of humane stories, essays, pictures, songs, and special instruction in our schools, on the prevention of crime, bloodshed, war, &c." There are many good men, blest with abundant means, who have given freely to peace societies, whose publications are little read. It seems to me these funds given in premiums such as I have indicated, and in the distribution of humane literature and teaching through the schools, would do more good.

G. T. A.

[No. 5.]  
LONDON, June 7th, 1869.

Since writing you from Edinburgh I have seen the English lakes, Liverpool, Wales, and the island of Anglesea, Chester, Rugby, Leamington, Oxford, and am now seeing London. Between Edinburgh and the lakes we passed through Melrose, one of the most beautiful towns in Scotland, lying in a valley surrounded by mountains, with a swift river, an old and far-famed abbey, and in its immediate vicinity, Abbotsford, the residence of Walter Scott.

## THE ENGLISH LAKES.

Surpassing all I have yet seen in variety of charming scenery, are the English lakes, situated in the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancaster, on the west coast of England. The mountains about them, of which Helvellyn, more than 3,000 feet high, is the loftiest, cover a space of some fifty miles each way. At and around their feet are valleys, lakes, streams, and winding roads, a combination of precipitous mountains, not too high for climbing, beautiful fields and meadows, picturesque lakes, and charming cottages, and country residences. The principal lakes are Windermere, about eleven miles by one, least beautiful, but most accessible—Ullswater, about nine by one, and Derwentwater, about three by one and a half; the latter a perfect gem, reminding me of the happy valley in Johnson's *Rasselas*. This whole region is full of little lakelets and streams. They are within half a day's ride of Liverpool, and the hotels about them excellent, and no lover of the beautiful should pass them by.

[We are obliged to omit in this number Mr. Angell's sketch of his trip from Liverpool and Wales to London, in order to find room for his views on War, and his account of his labors for our cause in London.—Ed.]

## WAR.

I came here with a common American idea that the average Englishman is cold-blooded, overbearing, bound to red tape and senseless forms, with ridiculous impressions of his own importance, one open to no argument but force, and into whose head convictions must be beaten. I have changed my mind. For the past few weeks I have been mingling constantly with the men, women and children of the great middling classes, who compose the body of England and Scotland. I have found them orderly, law-abiding, ready to do kindness, expressing kind feelings towards our country, good fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives. I have found great respect for public worship, and all good things,—the streets of cities on Lord's day almost as quiet as a country village; in their houses happy, healthy, ruddy faces, flowers, pictures, and birds; at the great Derby races the other day, with half a million of people present, less rowdiness than I have seen at home at some country musters. American as I am, and proud as I am of my country, I doubt much whether our average of honesty, morality, and religion, reverence for God and love for man, is higher than that of the middling classes in England and Scotland. I need not speculate upon the probabilities, pecuniarily, of a conflict between this people and ourselves, whether we should be stronger or England weaker for the loss of Canada or Ireland. I need not count her tremendous navy, and almost innumerable mercantile marine, easily armed. I need not picture the cost and devastation each might inflict, but I ask in the name of humanity whether it is necessary that two great Christian nations, praying every night and morning to the same God, and looking forward to a common inheritance in the same heaven, shall be plunged, now or at any future period, into a fratricidal war? For the sake of humanity and civilization, our common objects here, and our common hope hereafter, God forbid! I know nothing of that statesmanship which seeks to aggrandize one nation at the expense of another; I see no reason why three impartial men cannot settle questions between nations as well as individuals. But if all other means were to fail, I for one would say, let us pay all losses ourselves, send a receipt bill to England, and hand down to posterity the noblest example a nation ever set. We are strong and rich. The world knows it. We can afford to be generous.

G. T. A.

## [No. 6.]

LONDON, June 16, 1869.

I have received the kindest attentions from the officers of the Royal Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which is a very powerful society, with a very large fund, has already accomplished great good, and is preparing to accomplish much greater by the publication and circulation of a paper like ours. On receipt of its first number you will no longer be able to say that, ours is the only one of its kind in the world.

I have been waiting in London to attend the meeting of this Society, and to induce the leading ladies of England to form a Humane Education Society for the purpose, first, of putting one copy of something like our paper, every month, into every school in Great Britain, to be read to the children. Second, to put the same every month on the table of every clergyman and editor in Great Britain. And, third, to get from the governments of France, Spain and Italy, and perhaps ultimately other countries, the privilege of doing the same things there. I had my hearing before the Royal Society Monday. They were in session some three hours. The Board of Management of the Society is composed mostly of eminent men of advanced age. The Lord Bishop of Gloucester was in the chair, in the absence of Lord Harrowby, who was engaged in the House of Lords.

[Continued on 23d page.]

## Children's Department.

## Doing Good to a Donkey.

BY MRS. NEWMAN HALL.

One pleasant autumn day we walked over the soft turf of Conway Mountain, inhaling the fresh breeze from the heathery moors of Talyfan and Bilberry Hill. Sometimes we paused to look back at the grand old towers of the big castle which the proud English king built long ago, at the foot of these beautiful mountains, in order to keep the Welsh people who lived on them under his rule. Sometimes we stopped to look at the little boats sailing over the shining sea which flowed under the rugged cliffs of the Ormes Head, or to watch them quietly rowing up the broad river fishing for muscles, from the shells of which they take the small pearls which grow inside. Queen Victoria's crown has a pearl upon it which was found in this river. We had, you see, much to think about and talk about as we climbed up the grassy slope of this mountain. \* \* \* But I want to tell you of a sad thing I saw on this one particular day. It was a donkey, who was standing quite still and all alone. He was very, very thin; and though we made a noise as we approached, he never moved. This made us go close up to the poor, patient animal; and we discovered why he looked so still and stayed so quiet. His fore and hind legs had been tied together by a strong cord, to prevent him straying too far. But it had been much too tightly done, for he could but just have hobbled when first he was tethered; and then he had been abandoned by his thoughtless owners, and the cruel cord, which had evidently been round his legs for some months, had cut through the hair and the skin, and was sinking into the raw flesh. Fortunately, we had a pen-knife with us, and soon cut the cruel cord, untwisting it from the fore-legs first; but, though we succeeded in removing it from one of the hinder legs also, the cord had eaten so deeply into the flesh of the other one, which was greatly swollen, as to make it impossible for us to reach it. Thus we had to leave the poor donkey, relieved only in a measure from his misery. When we got home that evening, I could not forget the suffering, beseeching look of that lonely animal on the wild mountain-side. When I heard the wind roaring and whistling round the house during the night, my thoughts went to the poor, ill-used, patient creature, unable to seek shelter. Next day I resolved to visit him again; so off I started, with a supply of lint and ointment and bandages, up the steep mountain. Before we gained the place where we expected to find the donkey, I saw his two large ears pricked up most eagerly at the foot of a little knoll whither he had managed to hobble and lie down since the cords had been removed. He did not seem inclined to rise, for it must have been weeks or months since he had been able to lie down; but, though he kept so quiet, he looked delighted at our approach. Then we opened our little parcel, and on that sweet mountain-grass we prepared the bandages, and dressed his wounds, and wrapped the soft lint round his legs. We tried again to remove the cord that still remained; but again our efforts were fruitless. The poor dumb creature looked at us so gratefully, and his eyes had lost much of that anxious expression which they had the day previous. A few days afterward, a gentleman who is very good, and strong, and clever, came to stay with us. He is very fond of all animals; and I asked him to come and see the donkey, and himself try to extract the cord. I must tell you that at the foot of the mountain up which we had to ascend, stands a small cottage. An old woman lives in it, and her grandson, who is grown to be a man, takes care of her and works for her. He has often given me milk from his cow as we have passed his humble home. Though very poor, George has the heart of a gentleman; which you know means that he is always doing gentle deeds and unselfish actions—and so, whether we are rich or poor, we can all be gentlemen and gentlewomen. Well, we asked this young man to go with us up the mountain, and bring a bucket with him, so that we might apply cold water to the wounds of the poor donkey. As we approached

his resting place, we saw his great ears pricked eagerly up; he was evidently listening for us. He looked so much better; and all his legs were healing except the one in which the cord was still buried in the flesh. How was it to be taken away? Each time our friend strove to get hold of it the poor lame animal tried to kick in his agony. Yet with a strong arm, a strong will, and a kind heart, much can be done. "George, hold the donkey's head tight;" and then, with a sudden determined grasp, the swollen leg was taken, the scissors put gently but firmly between the raw and bleeding flesh, and the cruel cord was removed! We immediately placed the mangled leg into the bucket of water. The poor creature shrank at first; but in another moment he stretched it out, seeming at once to feel the ease which the cold water gave him. When George renewed the water from the sparkling spring just below, oh! how gladly did our donkey allow his leg to be placed in it. We now put the lint and ointment over the sore place, and left him lying on the sweet grass, looking so different from the first day we had seen him; for then his sufferings had made his face look so grizzled, and thin, and anxious, as if he was asking for help, and none came for many a weary, weary week.

We left him in George's care: for we had soon to quit our pleasant sea-side mountain-home, where for many years we have spent the autumn months. He promised to walk up and re-dress the wounds of our poor donkey; but he told us, when we next saw him, that his patient used to walk down to meet his friend, and soon got well enough to trot down of his own accord to his cottage. He quite recovered, and became a happy roamer over the mountains. George used to see him scampering over the grass, looking quite a handsome donkey. At length George missed him, and never saw him any more. Perhaps he had wandered away to other pastures, or his nimble paces and good condition had tempted some person to capture him and make him of service. I rather think this must have been the case, for dumb animals never forget those who have been kind to them; and I think this one would not have gone willingly very far from George's cottage. I hope the children who read this little story will be very kind to all dumb creatures. They cannot speak to you; but they will do all they can to thank you in other ways. They cease to care for their own species in their devotion to man; and with this power of affection within them, how cruel it is to neglect and ill-treat them!—*Independent.*

## Wishing--A Child's Song.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the spring!

The stooping boughs above me,

The wandering bee to love me,

The fern and moss to creep across,

And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,  
A great lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay!

The wind would set them dancing,

The sun and moonshine glance in,

The birds would house among the boughs,

And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,  
A robin or a little wren everywhere to go;

Through forest, field, or garden,

And ask no leave or pardon,

Till winter comes with icy thumps

To ruffle up our wing!

Nell—tell! Where should I fly to,  
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?

Before a day was over,

Home comes the rover,

For mother's kiss,—sweeter this

Than any other thing.

—Advertiser.

## Beecher's Cats and Robins.

I have been sitting on the veranda listening to my robins. I call them *my* robins, because I have taken them under my special care. I will not allow a gun to be fired on the premises. No cat is to be permitted to hunt them, although I recognize the "natural rights" of cats, among which is the right to vary a diet of rats and mice with an occasional bird or chicken. But I prefer to compound for the birds by giving my cats an extra allowance of other food.

You will perceive the need of an understanding between me and my cats, when I tell you that I have five, with a constant tendency to have more. First is the matron, Bessy by name, a famous mouser, black, with a white breast and belly, and the mother of two half Maltese boys, and one gray, with white breast; all virile and, like their productive mother, good ratters. To these add another, which I brought up last year from Brooklyn as a kitten, which was ignorantly named the "city lady." But calling one a lady does not make one so. Facts compelled a change of title, and now he is known as "the city cat." A splendid fellow he is; the pride of my heart! A very light gray, with darker stripes, of a spare habit, large, flat-sided, with a dash of wildness and fierceness which give spirit to his demeanor. A very hunter he is, fearless of dogs and despotic among cats, whom he knocks over as if he were an Oriental king.

That all my cats are honest is shown, among other ways, by the fact that though there are some two hundred little chickens all around the barn, on a daily count of each hen and her brood, none are missing except such as were known to have had a right to die, a sort of ticket of leave. Nor have I ever seen them hunting birds. It is true that I have seen them watching intently near shrubberies where birds were hopping about. But is it a sign that one steals that he is seen looking wistfully in at a shop window? Is a boy going to steal the bananas because he looks at them? I do not doubt that cats have savory thoughts while watching these birds, but I have never seen them touch one, nor does there seem to be any lack of birds, as there would be if they were hunted by five cats.

The education of cats, and the establishment of proper discipline, is no small task. But all this belongs to Mr. Turner, who is one of those men that control the whole animal kingdom by kindness, and under whose hand every beast becomes a cosset and pet. \* \* \* \* \*

But what has all this to do with robins. I have been watching them from my veranda, and they have been watching me. What opinion they have formed of me I cannot tell. But I regard them with admiration increasing every year.

Sweet as is the note of his cousin the woodthrush, I must pronounce the common robin not only his superior, but on the whole, the finest of all our northern singers. I cannot imagine how such praises, out of proportion and extravagant, have been heaped on the woodthrush. The quality of its note is fine; but it lacks vigor, continuity and variety. It is refined, sad, and even sorrowful. I should say that the wood-robin had met a great sorrow in early life, and had never got over it. But the common robin is the very emblem of joyous and robust bird-mankind. It seeks no seclusion. It sings out of no leafy cell.

At morning and at night, from some near open tree, it pours out a continuous song, full of tenderness, yet sprightly, ringing and jubilant. The range of note is very considerable. It is not a soft, breathing song, like the sparrow's, (whose quality is second to no other bird's.) The robin gushes.

He never tires. He sings by the half-hour, and fills all the region around with melody; and when two or three in emulous strife are singing near together, the whole air seems full and overflowing.

He shall have strawberries and cherries. He comes early, builds close by you, sings you morning and night his best chorals, digs grubs in your garden, clears worms from your trees, and only asks a mouthful of that fruit in return which he has helped to preserve for you. Let any cat make his will before he concludes to touch my robins.—H. W. Beecher in N. Y. Ledger.

[*Mr. Angel's Letters—Continued.*]

I gave a complete history of our Society, and statement of our plans and hopes, ascribing its success, where it belongs, entirely to our paper, and urging upon them the importance of an immense circulation of the paper like ours which they have concluded to publish, and of spending their funds freely now, trusting in Divine Providence that posterity would provide for itself. I told them the reason why they cannot get Parliament to pass needful laws, and magistrates to enforce laws already passed, is simply that they have failed to arouse public opinion, and to educate Parliament and magistrates on this subject. After my address, a considerable time was occupied in explanations and answering questions put by various members of the board. The Lord Bishop said he thought he could provide for the distribution of the paper through his diocese, and that the other bishops could do the same. The board kindly voted me their thanks, and personally expressed so much kindness and interest, that I feel sure I have done no harm, and hopeful that good may result.

Yesterday I was, from about 5 P. M. until 11 P. M., at the house of Miss Burdett Coutts, near London, explaining to her and others my plans in regard to the formation of a Ladies' Humane Education Society, as before stated. I was received and listened to with the greatest kindness, and left with her my full file of our paper, two of Smithie's beautifully illustrated books on kindness to animals, and a pamphlet written by Mary Howitt. Miss Burdett Coutts is said to be the wealthiest and most benevolent lady in Great Britain. By carrying a humane education, in the manner I have before set forth, into every school in Great Britain, and perhaps ultimately into every school in Europe, it is in her power to accomplish more good than any woman ever did before. I have acted under a deep sense of my responsibility, and shall look hopefully for results.

London will be treated in my next. G. T. A.

*The Legend of the Willow.*

One day a golden-haired child, who lived where no trees or flowers grew, was gazing wistfully through the open gate of a beautiful park, when the gardener happened to throw out an armful of dry cuttings. Among them the little girl discovered one with a tiny bud just starting.

"Perhaps it will grow," she whispered to herself, and dreaming of wide, cool boughs, and fluttering leaves, she carried it carefully home, and planted it in the darksome area. Day after day she watched and tended it, and when, by and by, another bud started, she knew that the slip had taken root.

Years passed, and the lowly home gave place to a pleasant mansion, and the narrow area widened into a spacious garden, where many a green tree threw its shadow. But for the golden-haired girl, now grown into a lovely maiden, the fairest and dearest of them all was the one she had so tenderly nourished. No other tree, she thought, cast such a cool, soft shade; in no other boughs did the birds sing so sweetly.

But while the tree lived and flourished the girl drooped and faded. Sweeter and sadder grew the light in her blue eyes, till by and by God's angel touched them with a dreamless sleep.

But from that hour, as if in sorrow for the one that had tended it, the stately tree began to droop. Lower and lower bent the sad branches, lower and lower, until they caressed the daisied mound that covered her form.

"See!" said her young companions, "the tree weeps for her who loved it;" and they called it the Weeping Willow.

*Endurance.*

Existence may be borne and the deep root  
Of life and suffering make its firm abode  
In bare and desolated bosoms: Mute  
The camel labors with the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd  
In vain should such example be; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

[From "Childe Harold."]

*A Brave Woman.*

OUR THANKS are gladly tendered to the lady named in the following article:

An incident occurred a few days since in one of our suburban towns, which is worthy of notice as illustrative of the courage and presence of mind of woman. A lady of refinement and culture was excessively annoyed one afternoon by hearing a coarse, brutal fellow unmercifully beat his horse, at the same time using the most shocking profanity. Her husband was absent, and there was no man about the premises. She endured the infliction as long as her sensitive nature would permit, and then, summoning her courage, she stepped to the door, when she found that a horse, heavily loaded, had been left without a driver to follow another team, and having strayed from the road a little, one wheel of the cart had got into a deep rut, from which the animal could not extricate it. The inhuman driver, enraged at the accident, was venting his spleen on the horse by unmercifully beating him, accompanying the same with a volley of oaths, while the driver of one of the other teams stood looking on with folded arms. The sight only heightened the lady's indignation, and stepping into the street she imperatively commanded the fellow who was beating the horse to desist, and take the animal by the head. To the one who was a spectator of the scene she said: "Take hold of the wheel and help the horse." The fellows were amazed at the coolness and courage of the lady, and not for a moment questioning her authority, they did as they were bid, and the team was soon on the road all right. This lady deserves suitable recognition at the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*Boston Journal.*

*Noble Old Towser.*

A Newfoundland dog, belonging to a family in one of the Southern States, had rescued one of his master's daughters from drowning. The family were about to proceed in a schooner to St. Augustine. They had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel looking back upon the city, which they had probably left forever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere on the road to the vessel, and which he now recollects, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter, and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her entreaties to those of her father, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage: he was deaf to every appeal of humanity, kept obstinately on his course; and the *better animal of the two* followed the vessel until his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows.—*Chambers' Journal.*

**DOGS.**—I admit that dogs are not good Christians: they are too prejudiced for that, and too much inclined to persecute the inferior animals; but then how few men are Christians! In short, you cannot say anything against dogs which does not apply with equal force to human beings: while, on the other hand, how many things may be said against human beings which do not apply to dogs!

I will not have dogs run down; I am their champion!—*From Help's "Reaimah."*

*Stable and Farm.**Pasturing Cattle.*

A correspondent in Worcester County complains that farmers in his neighborhood crowd so many cattle into a pasture that they weigh less in the fall than they do in the spring, and claims that the underfeeding is cruel, while they are paid for good pasture. He also asks if a town could be indicted for cruelty to animals for not "breaking out their roads in winter?"

**WHIPPING OXEN.**—It is a cruel and generally useless act of barbarism to whip oxen; yet many farmers are in the habit of continually keeping the whip going when teaming their cattle. Instead of inviting the animals to exertion by proper words, the first intimation the poor creatures have from their master that he desires them to start, is a cut of the whip or a prick from the goad. This is not only savage, but absolutely wicked, and wholly unnecessary. Another practice often seen is that of pounding and thrashing the oxen because they don't readily back a load, when they have not been learned to back an empty cart down hill. If animals are desired to work, they must first be taught to work, and when they understand what is wanted of them they will cheerfully comply. But there is a better way to communicate your desires to them than through the whip. Kindness and skilful management is far better.—*The People.*

**CARBOLIC ACID FOR WOUNDS UPON HORSES.**—If a wound will heal by the first intention, the less done to it the better. If, on the other hand, suppuration is inevitable, the most beneficial effects follow the use of carbolic acid, combined with glycerine, or linseed oil, in the proportion of 1 to 20; it may be applied, night and morning, with a feather. Of course, as with all other dressings, the wound must be kept clean, and in the case of backs and shoulders, all pressure removed by small pads of curled horse-hair, sown on to the harness, above and below the sore.—*Scientific American.*

*An Officer's Testimony.*

A general who served four years in our late war, in writing us of his horse who served with him, says: "He outlived every horse that was in the regiment when he entered it, simply because he was taken care of, while others were neglected, thus showing that there is real, practical economy, as well as humanity, in taking good care of our animals."

**THE SUIT OF JAMES LYMAN.**—of Northfield, against the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad to recover for damages done to a car-load of sheep and one of cattle belonging to the plaintiff, who is a drover, by reason of delay in transportation, tried at Greenfield, resulted in a verdict of \$164 for Mr. Lyman.

Milan has provided its custom officers with very powerful microscopes for the examination of all meat brought into the city, to make sure that none of it harbors trichinae sporalis.—*Boston Journal, April 2, 1869.*

Oscar Robinson, of East Thompson, has a Newfoundland dog which weighs 126 pounds. All winter long this faithful animal carried Mr. Robinson his dinner, from his residence to his place of business, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, without a single mishap.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!

**Constitution of the Society.**

**Article 1st.** The title or this Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

**Article 2d.** Its object shall be to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout this Commonwealth and elsewhere.

**Article 3d.** There shall be nothing in its management, or publications, to interfere with its receiving the full support of all good men and women of all parties and churches whatsoever.

**Article 4th.** The Society shall consist of Active Life Members, Associate Life Members, Active Members, Associate Members, Honorary Members, and Patrons.

**Article 5th.** Any person may become an Active Life Member of this Society, by paying to the Society one hundred dollars, an Associate Life Member by paying fifty dollars, an Active Member by paying ten dollars per annum, an Associate Member by paying five dollars per annum, an Honorary Member by being elected as such, and a Patron by paying to the Society any sum not less than one dollar.

**Article 6th.** Active Life Members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Society. Associate Life Members, to all its privileges except voting. Active Members, to all its privileges during the year terminating one week before the annual election of Directors; and Associate Members, to all its privileges during the same time, except that of voting. Honorary Members shall be entitled to all its privileges during the time of their membership, and Patrons shall have their names enrolled on its records and in its next annual report, after their becoming such.

**Article 7th.** The officers of this Society shall be a President, who shall be also actually, or *ex officio*, a member of the Board of Directors, Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Treasurer, sixteen Directors and such other officers as the Directors may from time to time elect or appoint.

**Article 8th.** The sixteen Directors shall be elected by the Society, at its annual meeting, and shall hold office, except as hereinafter set forth, until their successors are elected.

**Article 9th.** All other officers shall be elected or appointed by the Board of Directors, and shall hold office until their successors have been elected or appointed, unless removed by the Board.

**Article 10th.** The Directors shall elect or appoint, from their own number, or otherwise, all officers of the Society heretofore named, and such others as they may deem proper, and shall specify the duties of said officers; and they may at any time remove the same, and elect or appoint others: they may fill vacancies in their own number, they may enact by-laws for themselves and the Society, make and establish all rules and orders for the government of the Society and its officers, and for the transaction of its business; remit the annual or other dues of any member of the Society, and by a two-thirds vote remove from their own body any member thereof, and from the Society any member thereof, when, in their judgment, the best interests of the Society shall require the same; and generally they shall, during their term of office, have the full and complete management, control and disposal of all the affairs, property and funds of the Society, with full power for the purposes for which it was incorporated, to do all matters and things which the Society could do, but and except that they shall receive no pay whatever for any services rendered as such Directors, and they shall not incur, on account of the Society, any debt beyond the funds which shall be actually in the Treasury during their term of office.

**Article 11th.** The annual meeting of the Society shall be the last Tuesday in March of each year, and other meetings of the Society may be called at any time by the President upon the written request of four Directors by giving three days' notice thereof in two daily newspapers published in the city of Boston.

**Article 13th.** No alteration of this Constitution shall be made except upon motion in writing made at a meeting of the Society, entered on the minutes with the name of the member making it and adopted at a subsequent meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

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**To Friends of the Cause.**

One of the best means of preventing cruelty to animals is to *inform the people*. Many are cruel from ignorance of what cruelty is, and others from ignorance of the law.

To distribute information is to abolish ignorance.

Our paper contains the information. The cause has many friends throughout the State who say, we have little money, but hearts full of sympathy for your work.

One of the best ways to show that sympathy, is to promote the circulation of this paper.

We contend that any friend could, in his or her own town, in one week get from 20 to 200 subscribers, if willing to work for it, as he would for his church, his temperance society, or his political party.

Our new volume has just commenced. Let us hear good reports from friends throughout the State and country. Consider this a personal appeal to every man and woman who reads it. If each copy of the paper prevents but one case of cruelty, friends will be well rewarded for their efforts.

**Objects of the Society.**

1st. To enforce the law.

2d. To invite all persons throughout the State to report cases of *undoubted cruelty*.

3d. To pay rewards to persons who, acting for the Society, shall secure conviction and punishment in such cases, or furnish the Society with evidence to enable them to do it.

4th. To employ persons to investigate, arrest and prosecute for the Society.

5th. To see that animals lost or abandoned be properly taken care of or mercifully killed.

6th. To introduce better methods of transportation and butchering of animals.

7th. To encourage improvements and inventions to increase the comfort and value of animals.

8th. To gather information in regard to existing abuses and their remedies, and the proper treatment of animals both in sickness and in health, and to send the same, if possible, into every family of the State.

9th. To give rewards to persons, such as authors, teachers, inventors, police officers, drivers, teamsters, butchers, farm servants, etc., who shall be distinguished for humanity towards animals, or for efforts to improve their condition and to prevent cruelty to them.

By so doing, to abolish from this Commonwealth, *cruel beating, overloading, overdriving, overworking, starving, or abandoning to starve, working old, sick or maimed animals unfit for labor, the plucking of live fowls, bleeding of calves, bagging cows, cruel methods of butchering, shearing of sheep sent to market in early spring, cruel methods of transportation, unnecessary dissections of living animals*, and all other forms of cruelty which now are or may hereafter be practised in this State.

All sums of money may be sent to or left with the Secretary of the Society, or his sub-agents. Certificates of membership or receipts will be given, bearing the seal of the Society and signed by the President or Treasurer, and the names of donors will be published.

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(Continued from June No.)

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**MUSIC SIMPLIFIED.**

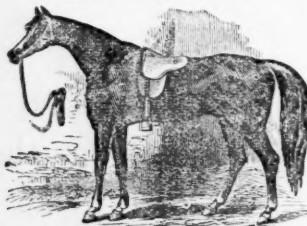
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AMONG INSTRUMENTS OF THE CLASS,  
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Also, DAVIS'S PATENT MEADOW SHOES, that are made so as to closely confine the hoof without chafing, as is too apt to be the case with the old pattern where the fastening is with straps.

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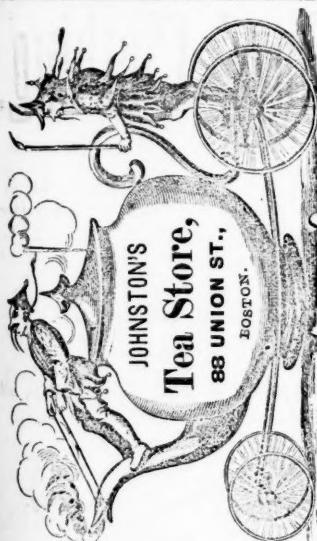
Warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Every gentleman possessing a Lawn should try HILL'S LAWN MOWER, and if he is now using the English, or similar complicated and expensive machines made in this country, will throw them aside and adopt this; it is by far the most simple in its construction, and consequently much less liable to get out of order. It will perform the work quicker and better, and with less than half the labor. A boy of fourteen can use it with the greatest ease, and, instead of being tiresome, will afford him a pleasant amusement.

**EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED,**  
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These SHEARS claim the following advantages over the COMMON SHEARS:

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3. They cannot CUT THE SKIN of the SHEEP, the GUARDS forming a perfect protection.
4. They clip FINE WOOLLY sheep with facility.
5. They are SIMPLY and STRONGLY constructed, and NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF REPAIR.
6. ANYBODY can work them advantageously.

[Extract from *Scientific American*, Jan. 11, 1868.]

"The advantages of these Shears over those ordinarily used are apparent at a glance. A movable cutter is pivoted to the face of the stationary cutter, which is divided into fingers or bars, each one presenting a cutting edge to the action of the movable blade. A slot in the free end of the spring handle and a screw at the end of the vibrating cutter governs the throw of the blade. The forks of the blade readily enter the matted fleece, thus facilitating the operation of shearing, and the action of the blades insures a drawing cut requiring less power, and producing a cleaner cut, than the ordinary Shears. The form of the cutter can be regulated to suit any hand."

These Shears are bound to supplant the ordinary Shears.

The following letters are from extensive Sheep owners and practical clippers, to whom parties requiring further information are respectfully referred.

*Slippery Rock, Pa., Jan. 2, 1869.*

MR. JOHN RALSTON, Sir—I have tested your Shears, and find them superior to the ordinary kind, both in speed and doing nice work; and they are very safe in regard to cutting the sheep.

CHAS. M. CHRISTIE.

*Slippery Rock, Jan. 2, 1869.*

MR. JOHN RALSTON, Sir—I consider your Shears a valuable improvement, as they are not liable to cut the Sheep, and cut smooth and close.

LEWIS PATERSON.

*Venango County, Pa., Cranberry Tp., Dec. 5, 1868.*

MR. JOHN RALSTON, Sir—I have used your Improved Sheep Shears last season, and I find a very great improvement over the old Shears in rapidity of the work, and the ease by which it is accomplished. They are not liable to get out of repair, and do not cut the sheep.

Yours truly,

SETH B. ALEXANDER.

*Slippery Rock, Butler Co., Pa., Dec. 1868.*

MR. JOHN RALSTON, Sir—I have had your Shears tested on my place for two seasons, and consider them superior to all others in every way, more speedy and safe, not cutting the Sheep, cutting smoother, and almost any one can use them.

SAMUEL MCWHA.

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A specimen pair on exhibition at the Rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Boston and New York.

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They also have constantly on hand the very best Oak-Tanned Harness and Russet-Bridle Leather, and all articles usually kept by first-class houses in their line.

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Offers for sale a very large assortment of

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In Fine, Medium, and Low Priced Goods, all New and Stylish.

Some Bargains in Clothing of last Season's make, will be given by this

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Gentlemen ordering Clothing will find a very large assortment of New and Choice Goods in the piece, which will be made up in the most Approved Style, at Moderate Cost.

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And every desirable material, which has been selected with particular regard to the taste and means of all classes of purchasers, and manufactured expressly for the

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Have constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of

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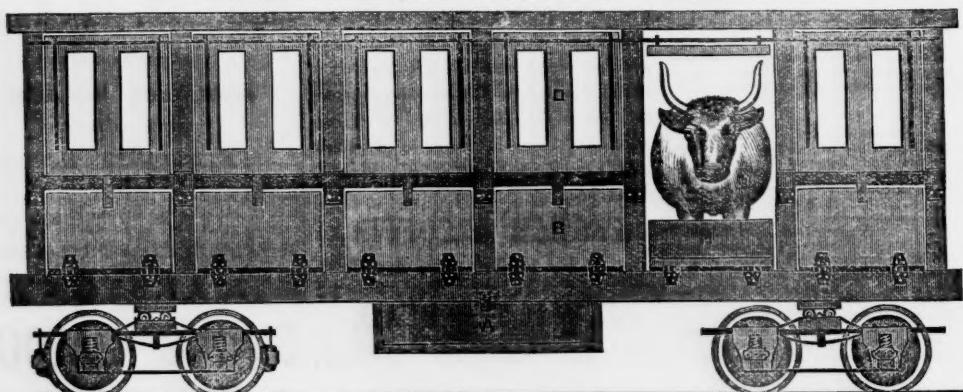
Which we guarantee to sell Five per cent. less than any other House in Boston.

N.B.—Every Garment is of our own manufacture, made and trimmed in the most thorough manner, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

**WILMOT'S**  
121 & 115 WASHINGTON STREET,  
OPPOSITE WATER STREET.

**J. H. Aldrich's Patent Compartment Cattle Car. Boys' Clothing.**

LETTERS PATENT, APRIL 9th AND NOV. 5th, 1867.



The above cut is a side elevation of J. H. ALDRICH'S Patent Compartment Cattle Car, showing Six Stalls—five with doors shut, and one with a door standing up. Letter A is a Grain or Tool Box; letters B and D are a Door, made in two parts—with duplicates on the opposite side of the car; the lower part is hinged upon the sill of the car, and turns down, while the top part shoves under the roof of the car, when the cattle go in or out. Letter H is a Movable Feed and Water Box, by which the cattle are fed and watered during transportation. They lie down and get up at will, which affords them ample rest for a journey of any distance without being unloaded.

The Compartments may be of any desired width or number, to suit the various sizes of cattle, and to make a proper load for the car. The partitions may be STATIONARY or PORTABLE under the above Patents.

J. H. ALDRICH, Patentee, Worcester, Mass.

**RECOMMENDATIONS.**

To the Editor of the Worcester Daily Spy.

Dear Sir:—We, the subscribers, have noticed in one of the daily newspapers within a few days, an account of the most inhuman and cruel treatment to some beef cattle that were passing through your city to market in one of the ordinary Cattle Cars, that has ever come before us. We beg leave to call your attention to one of the most humane and useful improvements of the age—a Compartment Cattle Car, where Cattle can be fed and watered while in the car on transportation, with as much economy as when in their owner's stable at home. It was invented by J. H. Aldrich, and built by Osgood Bradley, Esq., of your city. We have received a load of fat Cattle transported from Chicago in this Car, in as good condition as when shipped. They were on the road one week, and held their live weight without shrink, and there was not a car bruise upon them when dressed. We recommend this Car into general use.

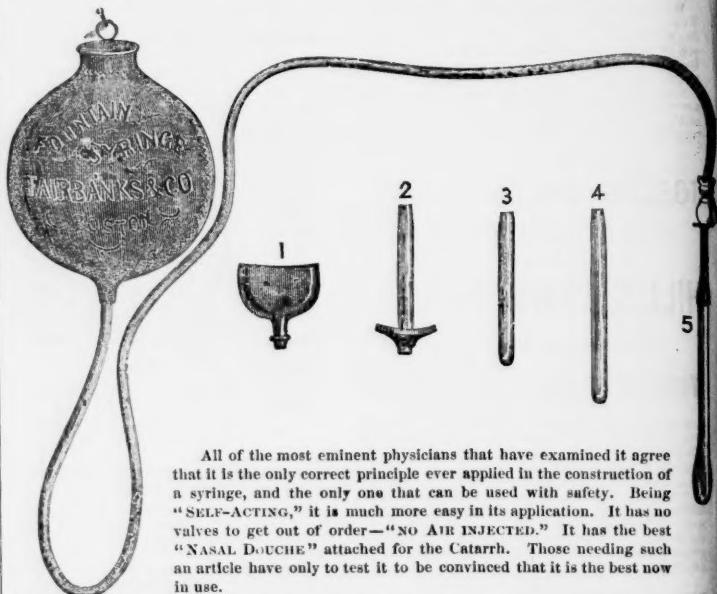
MILLBURY, May 25th, 1869.

Dear Sir:—We, the subscribers, have noticed in one of the daily newspapers within a few days, an account of the most inhuman and cruel treatment to some beef cattle that were passing through your city to market in one of the ordinary Cattle Cars, that has ever come before us. We beg leave to call your attention to one of the most humane and useful improvements of the age—a Compartment Cattle Car, where Cattle can be fed and watered while in the car on transportation, with as much economy as when in their owner's stable at home. It was invented by J. H. Aldrich, and built by Osgood Bradley, Esq., of your city. We have received a load of fat Cattle transported from Chicago in this Car, in as good condition as when shipped. They were on the road one week, and held their live weight without shrink, and there was not a car bruise upon them when dressed. We recommend this Car into general use.

B. B. LINCOLN,  
J. EMERSON & CO.,  
J. W. POPE, *Shippers and Butchers.*

The Patentee has letters from many cattle shippers, dealers, and butchers, commanding his car, among whom are JOHN SAWYER, of Brighton, TRENCH MAY and PEASLEE & HYDE, of Worcester, J. F. & A. COMSTOCK, Providence, R.I., and LINCOLN & PEASLEE, Chicago.

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All of the most eminent physicians that have examined it agree that it is the only correct principle ever applied in the construction of a syringe, and the only one that can be used with safety. Being "SELF-ACTING," it is much more easy in its application. It has no valves to get out of order—"NO AIR INJECTED." It has the best "NASAL DOUCHE" attached for the Catarrh. Those needing such an article have only to test it to be convinced that it is the best now in use.

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Boys' Linen Coats in great variety.

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